

THE  
DEVIL INCARNATE,  
OR  
A SATYR upon a SATYR;  
Being a Display of the  
Hairy Devill,  
Countess of BEDLAM.



**S**he's a thing at first sprung up out of the bottomless Fir, was poked out of Hell with a Taylors Tawl, and is indeed the Devill every way, as Ugly and as Envious. She's an Old Charcole that's kindled at the lower end, and will be burnt out ere long with a Pox to Her. She's an Ugly Pusy, a bundle of soul Stuff, a filthy Mals of Guts and Garbage, that lives upon the sucking of Her Ale-Taps, and the nick and froth of Her penny black Pots. She's a Gallimaufry sars'd up with as many ill Ingredients as if Bezebub and all his legions had spent their whole time and study to compose Her. She's the Devills Fire-brand wherewith he keeps a continuall fire in the Hell of Her house: and when He casts her abroad into the open Aire, She flies about lightning, so that the whole Neighbourhood is like to be in a Combustion. And if this were not the fire of Hell even unquenchable fire, so many Tuns of Ale as in one day are powred down that unsatiable Gulf of Her Throat, would certainly be enough to quench it. But I remember that very strong Ale will burn when it toucheth the fire, which it must needs do when it comes into that Furnace of Her Body which is seven times hotter then that which was heated for the three Children. And in this She thinks her self very Politick, that of plain Ale She can so easily make burnt Ale; but She may thank the Devill for that faculty.

He that hath come once by her door, hath been in the Suburbs of Hell; but he that comes into her house, will find an Hell upon earth: I hope

no man that's wife will come there, unless he desire to have a cure wrought upon his body by sweating; for 'tis no other then a Stewes or Hot-House, the fire being continually burning: in which regard it might serve for a Chymists Shop, or a Glass-House; but She rather deals in *Bals* and Copper, as I'll tell Her to Her Face.

Mr. Airy, be sure that side of your house next Her be made of Free-stone (and She loves Free-stones) for if it be made of combustible matter, I am sure it stands in much danger. She's no convenient neighbour to border so near upon the Front of a Colledge, for it must needs be offensive and prejudicial to all Students, to have the Sun perpetually shining in their faces. She's beneficial only to her self, for her Face will supply the want of fuel in the Winter: if she does but look upon the Pot, its enough to make it boyl: and she needs not use any candle either day or night, the light of her Countenance is so glorious. Wherefore she is an utter enemy to all Chandlers, there's no candle can burn in her presence, for the greater light always puts out the lesser: She burns daylight, lights a Torch to the Sun, and serves for a Lanthorn at Queens Colledge Gates in the winter nights. She is the Comet or Blazing-Star, which appears over against Queens Colledge; and sometimes would seem to portend strange things, but they always prove false: or, she's the morning-star, *viz.* *Venus*, and loves to be in conjunction with *Jup-iter*; and that's the reason some of her progeny are so Venereal.

Her Face would make a fit Meddall in Copper, upon which for a Motto there should be in Capitals ingraved **IMPUDENCE**. Her eyes are two gogling sparkling Globes, between which and her mouth there's a pretty speckled painted jewel, from whence there daily flows a Cream-pot of Nectar. By her Omega's nose, she should have been Related to the late Tyrant *Oliver*; and its no great wonder to see such a copper Nose upon a brazen Face: or by some other parts of her, she should have been related to the Hairy woman, I warrant one might get many a pound by shewing her naked at Market Towns and Fairs; for no man can easily imagine there's such a Monster in Nature, unless he see it.

She can sing, *Drunk and Sober again*, three or four times a day: the Pot and the Pipe are her sole delight, and seeing they are such loving companions, she seldom parts them, & is seldom without them: For her mouth is a bottomless Pit, from whence the smoak continually ascends both day and night: and out of it withall, worse then the Locusts, Words sharper than Arrows, a Tongue more sharpe then a two edged Sword: And its alwayes wandring about the Town; its worse then a vipers, is like a sharp Rasor that cutteth deceitfully, is set on Fire of Hell, and full of deadly Poison. It is nothing but a burning Link, whose flames will kindle upon all things that come near it.

Her Teeth she borrowed of some Horse or Elephant which had got the Rot, and therefore they will be gon out of Town ere long; her

Noie

Nose and her Chin intend to meet about it:

Her Chin is double like her Tongue; it is such a mass that if it were tryed, it would afford grease enough to make two or three pound of kitchen-stuff.

But to conclude concerning her Face, it must be a precious thing, for 'tis set so thick with Rubies and Carbuncles, that it would dazzle the eyes of an Eagle to behold it.

Her Head stands upon a stately Pillar as white as the Reddest-Corall: And a little lower are two great bosses made of leather bottles as big as *Gaggag-g Hills*, from which there hang two such Labells or Teats as if the Devill had been sucking the Witch.

Her Bum is bigger than any barrel, which she drags after her with a great deal of gravity. As for her belly I cannot describ that, becau'e I cannot come at it, for its covered with hair; which every year she shaves off, enough to make forty Merkins: & it is longer than ordinary, or else they are lyars that have seen it. But least I should come too near her Copyhold, I'll go up again to her Hands; for she loves that Hands and Belly should come together. She hath pretty little hands, which will serve her for small use; but its not much matter, for as it seems she was made rather to be handled then to handle. To come a little nearer, Her Belly is a Butt, for all that come to shoot at, (*Cupid* hath often shot her between *wind* and *water*) and they may have a foul (I had almost said a fair) mark, which they may easily hit if they please: yet I will not say they may easily hit the the white, for ther's no such thing there.

Her Thighs are not much bigger than the Pillars in *St. Maries Church*; and her Leggs are proportionable, which makes her stand to her tacklings so well, even as she would have others *Stand* to her. And now I am come to her Foot, I'll trace out her good qualiries, which are every whit agreeable to the comely proportions of Her Person.

If you know the nature of the Devill, you know hers exactly; for all her study is calumny and slander, in which she takes more delight then in eating her daily bread. She would indeed do all other kinds of mischief if it were in her power; but *the curst Cow hath short horns*. And seeing she hath no other Instrument then her tongue that stands her in much stead, she puts that to the most use that may be, and lets it *always* be wagging.

Her Throat is an open Sepulcher, wherein lye buried many honest peoples Reputations. It is so wide that no kind of ly will choak her, though never so monstrons. And in this Art her wit is as pregnant, as if she had lately been at the Devizes: but her Tongue always runs before her Wit, even as her Invention before her Judgment. She's the most abominable of all lyars: she'll lye both backward and forward: the Devill himself the Father of lyars cannot out ly her, though any man may easily over lye her when he pleases. It should seem as if she did it for a wager; for she tells the biggest and most monstrons

she can devise, and then lyes again in forswearing them: So that her word and her oath are both alike; for none that knows her will believe her for either any farther then they can see her. It was never known yet, that any that ever came near her hath escaped the lash of her slanderous Tongue, which now in all peoples account is no slander. She's a perfect Flatterer, and a secret Enemy: she'l saun upon you like a Spannel, and yet endeavour to cut your Throat. Oh! how she hugs her self when she hath gotten something that she thinks is a slanderous report by the end! She makes it her next businesse to augment it & blaze it abroad: Or rather than fail, she'l presently raise a scandal upon any body; and when she hath done, kneel down and imprecate bitter things upon her self, and utterly forswear her words. O, the horrid imprecations! enough to make sober people fear the house would come down upon their heads, or that the earth as weary of such a sinfull burden, would open her mouth and swallow them up. But if all this will not serve, but that she must needs confess something, she'l turn *Car* in the *Par*; and quite alter the story: or if there be such witness, that its impossible for her to evade any part of it, then she cries that she spake it in her Ale, or in her Anger: but she shall be made to suffer for it, when she's Sober or not Angry. And when the lavishness of her tongue hath brought her into some danger, she can easily command Crocodiles Teares, (with which she would seem to wash away the foulness of her offence) when she hath most minde to devour you.

The cheifest accusations with which she charges every one, is concerning their honesty: And the reason why she so much misdoubts others, is because She had never much her selfe. Her cheifest spite is against all young women that live honestly; for she would fain have them like her self, that so they might not have so much cause to complain of her.

All men that are seen at any other house then hers, (though never so sober or honest,) shall be presently rearm'd either Drunkards or Whore-masters; but in her house they may be both if they will, without offending her. And all young women in her opinion are Whores, and she will not stick to say so; but *The veriest Whore cries Whore first*. She's an ugly snotty Whore her self, and hath given many a snotty nose to others; but more especially to Mr. E. who before he could make it clean, blowed out his life: And Mr. Price the Chirugion was fain also to dose her with a Medicine to cool her *Aquavita*. The Daughter also begins to follow the Mothers steps pretty exactly: for She's of the *Lemman* breed, and right *Lemman* colour, which (what ever others think,) she takes to be no stain in her reputation. A few arguments will prevail; she'l prove a windfall with the least breath. I could name several that have done what they would with her upon the bed by the fire side. She begins already to weare the badges of her trade: its none of her goodnesse that buds out so fast, that she's fain to wear four or five black Patches upon her face at once to cover the Scabs: the heart begins to fly up into her Nose, which perhaps may bid her adieu ere long.

long. I am sure her extraction cannot any way intitle her to the Imitation of a gentle-woman; for she was at first sucked out of the Tap-hole, to which she naturally returns like a *Bitch* to her vomit, and like a Sow to her wallowing in the mire. But why should I be so Satyricall? I hope for the future she'll take heed of bespewing her silk Gown again: Her Mother gave her a sound rattle for it, and called her Whore, and told her she could sit all day at the Pot and the Pipes, and yet not commit such a gross absurdity so visibly. In a word, this young Landprides would fain make her self that which God nor Nature never intended; for if melted grease upon turd-colour be handsome, then she may be called Handsome: But if I were desired to give a Character of her, it should be in short, much to this purpose; She's a thing that sometimes appears in a silke Gown, with black patches on her face, (marry come up here,) and would fain seem to be a Gentle-woman, but is indeed nothing but a Tap-wench thats newly sprung up out of the froth of a black por; and having passed once through her Mothers Alembick, is Chymically converted into the more alacious froth, *Venus*; so that I need not tell you what she is in plain English, for her very extraction entitles her to levity, and the foulness of the Subject I am now in handling induces me to brevity, (intending another time to give her a whole broad-side unless she mends her manners,) that I may return to the business from whence I have made some digression.

Do but ask the old Devill if she ever knew Colonell Zouch, (I could name severall others which I willingly omit,) and mark if her fiery face be not tintured with a double dye; if she sayes she never knew him, I say he hath known her too often, if his own confession be a sufficient testimony. She was served but a *Sly* trick when one of her companions falling out with her, told her; Oh, she had it in her head, she had it in her head, she'd go make her husband a Cuckold too, that she might have some body to take her part. She sent the poor man out of this miserable world with so great a pair of horns on his head, that probably he could hardly get to heaven; for the way thither is said to be but narrow, and therefore no horned beasts to come there. Neither did it make much for her credit when her husband went half way to *Brill*, and making a shorter return then she expected, came home and found another man in bed with her. She Capricorn'd his Coxcomb, and congratulated his return with a *Chafing-dish* of Hornicombustulated Metaphor's. But he told her, if she used to play him such lessons on the *Horn-Pipe*, he would play to her on the *Baggage-Pipe*, and make her dance out of dores.

Some Whores use to draw mens Lips into their mouths, as if they should say *I would have you within me*: But she uses also to thrust her Tongue into mens mouths, as intimating that she would have them do her a courtesy by thrusting something into her mouth beneath. If she denies any of these things I'll swear that She's a more impudent liar then the Devill, and that her Face is nothing but the Bo's of a great Brass Andiron bespangled with

with Glow-wormes, and set upon the rotten Standard of a putrified body qualified with those conspicuous Vertues of naturall Dishonesty and artificiall Dissimulation, such as becomes none but her Country-folks the inhabitants of Hell & such as was never known to proceed from any less Devills then Lucifer and Belzebub to whom she is great Grandame. But her kissing is done at her upper lip, because there's nothing to cover the deformity: and almost at her lower lip too; and they that have had most at either, do now loath her as much as ever they did the stinking carcase of an old Whore roasted with the fire within her own bowells.

But alas poor woman, she should now be an object of my pittie, not upon whom I should wreak my fury; wherefore I would willingly speake a good word for her to help recover that credit which is lost: but if I should call her a *proper* woman, it would be false Grammar; for she was never known to be *Proper*, but alwayes *Common*. One might imagine her to be *right* in all her dealings; in some she's sure enough *in right* *on one's legs*, for she hath alwayes been ready to *do* with other men as she would have them *do* with her. She should seem to be valiant, for she'll bring down three or four lusty men upon their knees, and more too if the first should not *stop her course*. The way how she so easily overcomes, is thus; she fights like a Bear lying on her back; and if any man comes at her with a single Rapier, she draws him in presently. Thus she thinkes to fright men by giving them the forked end: And to speake truly, I believe she hath something there that's enough to frighten any man that would possibly be frightened. I pray you object not that she's poor and beggarly, for she hath made trust to get her Daughter a silk Gown, though she be but old *Mother Red-Cow*; her self: and you ought not to blame her, seeing she cannot now so much as she used to do, lye backward her self, and let out her fore-toomes; especially not at so high a rate as when *Oxford* was besieged: that was then a great part of her livelihood. But yet she hath a colts tooth, she'll lap as much as two young killings if any man would give it her: she'll milk the Bull as well ever an old Cow in this Shire: She's never satiated; as you know the fire will devour all *things*, and burn them too, if they come there. I might commend her for a great linguist, for she hath a double tongue, and as much language as would serve half a dozen women and she speaks *The French* as perfectly as any woman in *Turnbull street*. She would surely make a good Trumpeter, for she hath a strong breath: Neighbours, pray you keep your dores and windows close shut, for when she opens her lips, there comes forth a stench more noisome then that of a Charnell house, the sent of her rotten trunk is more infectious then the pestilence. You may know where she is before you see her, for you may smell her long before you come at her: but I think he that hath seen her once, will never desire to see her again. Thus when I go about to commend her, I am apt by sifting a fresh, to find some other faults: Yet I might say she's pleasant and lightsome; but you'll say she's



she's light all: and I know she's light enough in a double sense, but it serves only like an *ignis fatuus* to mislead men running between the legs. Nay, if you knew all, you might think her a Witch, because she's burnt alive: but rather she should seem a Phanatick, because she's always led by the light within her; and therefore can seldom err, for for if she doth but follow her Nose, she follows Torch-light: or, for failing, her Belly may serve for a dark Lanthorn, for she always carries a pocky fire in it. She may be thought a Pharisee, for she affects (more then becomes tap-wives) the highest seat in the Church: Nay, she is so delighted in climbing, that when she's at home, she'll clime up sometimes ten Stories high, and like a Jugler always present you with false things instead of true. But whatever our misapprehensions may be, she'll be found at last to be a Fisher: Yet I am sure she's no Kings Fisher; for when she appears, 'tis more the sign of a Tempest then a Calm. But she's a Fisher of Men, she catches flesh far ofteneft: and if they have but half a Crown to pay fees, all is fish that comes to her Net. But what do I talk of? She's a Planer, both a Deceiver and a Wanderer, the Character of a Whore; for her feet abide not in her own house. If you ask what Planer, I answer she's very Martiall, fierce and full of contention: yea, she should be altogether Mars by that rubified bespangled constellation of her countenance: yet from some of her qualities I might term her Venus, but that she's none of the Fortunes, nor none of the fairest, and is always combust under the Sun-beames.

But for all this that hath been said, I think she hath a better opinion of her selfe then others have of her; otherwise she would never lye so secure at open guard, and lay her selfe open to the world that all men may do what they will, but that she deems her vertuous actions (though they be but few,) may redeem her credit (which is but small) which yet she imagines not so much diminished, because (whatsoever her actions be) she thinks she may do what she will because she hath alwayes a good colour for it.

But now I'll make hast, because I begin to perceive in her some Symptomes of mortality: her good name is already buried before her; I suppose her carkals will follow ere long, for she stinks above ground. Yet rather then want a Name, she shall have a bad one, & she shall be rebaptized for it in Styx the black river of Hell, that to the pitch that shall stick upon her fore-head, may be a worse brand of her Infamy then that of Cain's. She shall be named *Aletho-Typhoe-Megara*, for all the three Furies joined together make up but one Mrs. Fisher. A wisp, a wisp, and a cucking-floof for the Butter-whore: all the Hucksters at Carfax and Oyster-women at Billings-gate cannot be heard so far as she by a quarter of a mile. She is not composed of the Four Elements like other creatures, she owes her originall onely to fire and waver; and they two meeting in one, may be the reason why the Thunder and Lightning come so oft from her Coasts. The predominancy of the Sulphur is a sufficient indication of the inequality of her compoſure, by which she cannot live

live long: nay, she had never survived hitherto, but that *Atropos* with a dull knife vowed to give her many a fore scotch ere she should be put out of her pain. But the stench of her corps doth so annoy me, that I am now forced to forsake her, and leave her to the next ditch or dung-hill, having already according to her own defects laid her open to the world.

There's a great deal more behind, which I omit at present, being unwilling to defile any more clean paper with so foul a subject. I am only sorry that I have so taken my fare-well of the University, that I cannot be there present to give Verball testimony to what I have here written. But all that know her, know all I have said to be true, and a great deal more, which you shall have next opportunity.

This pamphlett y<sup>e</sup> was made one Joane Fisher wife of Hen: Fisher somtimes manciple & Butler of Queens Coll: Oxon & who now sells Ale oueragaint y<sup>e</sup> said Coll: came out in february or y<sup>e</sup> beginning of march A.D. 1660

Tho: Hyde 2d Libr. - fage was supposed to be this author, but false -

**FINIS.**